



By
Elizabeth Osborne D.





VIOLETS

BY

ELIZABETH OSBORNE D.



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To the Memory of
My Mother,
Elizabeth Bliss Osborne.

A handful of violets toss'd to the wind,
Hoping and trusting they'll please the mind.

—[E. O. D.]

BALLSTON SPA, N. Y., 1900. *

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VIOLETS.



AUTUMN.



Autumn is here,
With its mellow cheer,
And from trees so tall
Leaves silently fall
O'er the graves of loved ones dear.

Autumn is here,
Bringing good cheer
To hearts of many so dear;
But, tears, ye will fall,
Like a sombre pall,
O'er lives we can never recall.

Autumn has gone —
Then mournfully say:
“The lives of all are slipping away.”
We will not repine,
Tho' your life and mine
May close at ebb of day.

IN THE VALLEY.



In the valley, in the valley,
God will clear the mists away,
If we only follow closely
In His footsteps every day.

Dark the way may seem before us,
But the mists will fade away;
And the message thus is written:
"Be ye faithful, watch and pray."

In yon Heaven, far above us,
Fleecy cloudlets lined with blue,
Angel forms are hovering o'er us,
Angel faces peering through.

If our gaze could pierce the skyland —
Look into the realm of light,
Where the walls are built of jasper —
Just beyond our mortal sight —

We should see the God all glorious
Reigning in His heavenly dome;
Hear the seraphs gently whisper:
"Welcome! Welcome! to our home."

In the valley, in the valley —
You have nothing now to fear;
Bright with glory is your pathway,
God has wiped away the tear.

CHRISTMAS.



“ Jolly old Santy
Brings me lots of toys;
Mamma says if I'm naughty
He'll give 'em to other boys.

“ Now, I guess I'll eat an apple,
And I'll think I'm Santy, too —
I shall raise a dreadful clatter
Firing seeds at sister Sue.”



GOD'S PROMISE.



Sunshine and shadow —
Each has its sway:—
Perhaps sunshine to-morrow
If shadows to-day.

Traveling life's pathway,
The sunshine we make
Will soften the shadows
And ease the heart's ache.

Life's pathway is rugged,
We're footsore and weary,
And but for God's promise
Would be sad and dreary.

THE BELLE OF THE BALL.



I met my fate at the charity ball:
She was so fair, with golden hair;
Her gown was blue and dainty, too,—
And she the best dancer of all!

The roses she wore in her golden hair
Were not more fair than she;
I begged for a dance—
She gave me a glance
That broke my heart in three!

Her laughing blue eyes
Looked at me in surprise
When I told her she was my all;
She glanced around and then I found
I had won the belle of the ball!



SUMMER IS SLEEPING.



Summer is sleeping:
She shall wake by and by—
Buds and blossoms
Will then greet the eye.

The merry brooklets
Will glance, flash and play;
And the bees sip honey
All the bright day.

The meadow so green
Will be dotted with gold:
She now wears a mantle
All frosty and cold.

Summer is sleeping,
The twin sleep of death;
Neither sobbing nor moaning
Can restore summer's breath.



DRIFTING.



Drifting — idly drifting —
Whither? — as the swallows fly? —
When we hear the signal given
To the haven-land we'll hie.

Care and trouble than will vanish,
Peace-like torrent flood the soul;
Now we're drifting — idly drifting —
Shall we sink or reach the goal?

High the billows rise before us,
Break upon us with a might!
Tempest-toss'd we cling to Jesus,
And He doeth all things right.

BROKEN HEARTS.



Beware of strong drink!
To the world it's a curse;
Many lives it has ruined,
You can find nothing worse.

Don't drink with your friends;
Some day you'll repine
With the thought you have tempted
A friend to drink wine.

Beware of strong drink!
Let your daily prayer be:
"Lord, give me Thy strength
From the tempter to flee."

Oh, touch not the poison!
Turn from it and think
Of the friends broken-hearted,
All caused by strong drink.



Little Francelia has a high-bred air;
Eyes black as jet and curly hair:
Always in a flutter, likes good bread and butter,
Full of love and kisses, and lots to spare.

THE FAIRY QUEEN.



Ah, queen of the fairies,
Sportive and gay —
Chasing the butterflies
Through mist and sun-ray!

Come from your cozy nook,
On the bright flowers look,—
We'll crown you with garlands
Of roses so gay!

The fairies will miss you,
And, pout, without doubt,
In dismay cry the lilies:
"What's the fuss all about?"

The pansies so purple
Their faces lift up
And try vainly to sip
From the tulip's bright cup.

The mignonette trying
Her fragrance to shed,
When eclipsed by the violets
Turn green, white and red.

The forget-me-not true,
In pity turns blue;
The carnations are drooping
And longing for dew.

The pale Marguerite,
With petals so white,
Is telling their fortunes
From morning till night.

CALLED HOME.



“ Throw open wide the window,
I scarce can get my breath;
My eyes are growing dim, mother,
I feel approaching death!

“ Oh, do not weep for me, mother;
It won't be very long
Before your feet will tread the streets,
And greet the angelic throng!

“ God gave and He will take, mother,
It's the way we all must go:
I will cross the tide with God my guide,
No dangers shall I know!”



THE STRAY LAMB.



Fainting and perishing
Out in the cold,—
One little ewe lamb
Strayed from the fold!

“ Search for him carefully,”
The good shepherd said; —
Bring the lamb home again,
Living or dead.

O'er mountain and valley
They searched far and near;
Footsore and weary,
With heart-ache and tear:—

At last they have found him
Hungry and cold,
And tenderly brought him
Back to the fold.



HOPE.



Jesus is keeping vigil
O'er the loved ones gone before:
We are hoping and praying
To meet on the golden shore.

Then bear up the cross bravely;
Nor repine at its heavy load:
It's the way marked out for Christians,
If we enter the saints' abode.

Do not weary in well-doing,
Nor shrink at the test of faith:
God's children bear their crosses:
"Blessed are such," He saith.

HARD TIMES.



“ Well, neighbor, ‘how-d’y’-do,’ I say,
I just came over to git my pay
Of ’lasses you borrr’yed the other day.

“ The children are sick with measles;
I’m out of work, you see,
We’ve nothing left in the house to eat,
But a crust of bread and tea!

“ And mo’m’s been ailin’ all winter —
And I am nearly broke;
I’ve tried my best to git wood to chop,
And couldn’t git a stroke.

“ And so I’ve kinder lost courage —
And — *nearly* — faith in God; —
I wonder how they’ll git along
When I’m restin’ under the sod.”



Baby Winnie, darling boy,
Mamma’s blessing, mamma’s joy;
May the future, yet untold,
Bring you talents bright as gold.

A PRAYER.



Lord Jesus, come quickly,—
Thy free grace impart;
Send Thy consolation
To a poor sinner's heart.

Lord Jesus, come quickly,
For Thee do I grieve;
I trust in Thee wholly
My soul to receive.

Delay not, O Saviour,
I'm trusting in Thee;
The death angel's shadow
In the distance I see.

Delay not, O Saviour,—
In Thee I delight;
I see in the distance
The dim taper-light.



FRITZ.



O doggie, you are such a care —
You bring in dirt and scatter hair!
But when your bright eyes beam on me,
I lose all thought of dirt and flea!

ANTICIPATION.

Fain would I fly away
O'er the billowy waves of time,
And enter the golden gate
Of a fair and better clime!

We are told a crown awaits
Those who in God believe:
Then why should we fear death to meet
When we the crown shall receive?

There dear ones gone before
Will greet us with outstretched hands:
Together we'll reign in glory there,
At last an unbroken band!

**THE ROSE QUEEN.**

Roses fair and pure as you,
Fragrant, fresh, and wet with dew;
Roses red and pink ones, too,—
Your heart's own treasure, I sent to you.

The roses bloom and fade away;
Alas, for the roses and their short stay!
Their leaves lie scattered o'er the ground,
Oh, that roses could bloom the year 'round!

The rose is the queen of flowers fair;
She graces her throne with a regal air.
The queen of flowers reigns in June,—
We long for roses — and blue birds' tune.



COMPLETE.



The corn fields in the distance
With golden pumpkins gleam;
The ears of corn are gathered
With all their silken sheen.

The brown earth looks so sombre,
We often wonder why
It was made so dark and dreary —
Such a contrast to the sky.

The blue birds singing gaily,
A tune without a note:—
We stop and think, you charming birds,
You'll surely split your throats.

Jack Frost has kissed the chestnut burrs,
Likewise the bitter-sweet;
And purple asters by the wall
Make golden rod complete.

ODE TO BABY BOONE.



Baby Boone came down from the moon,
And surprised the mammies, as well as the coon!

The man in the moon saw a place for a boy,
And downward he sent a bundle of joy.

This baby came from a noble race —
His lineage is stamped upon his face:

His future is bright as the stars round the moon,
He was born to fame — *and a golden spoon.*

Baby Boone, your friends in the moon
Shed many a tear — you left them so soon!

But, you came to a place where your dear little face
Was welcome — and often that's not the case.

Good-bye, Baby Boone, I hope very soon
To greet the boy who lived in the moon:—

The mansions above, where in time you shall go,
In beauty outvie the mansions below.



Ruth, child of truth,
Blessings will come like raindrops fall;
While you are sleeping, angels are keeping
Watch high over all.

NIGHT.



Day is slowly dying,
The night comes on apace —
Bringing rest to the weary
And dew, like showers of grace.

Night draws her sable curtain,
Which seemeth like a pall;
And the pale moon shines serenely
In the blue dome over all.

The bright stars twinkle, twinkle
Along the "Milky Way;"
The earth is bathed in glory
With the mellow moonbeam's ray.

O, night, which ever seemeth
Like the funeral pall of day!
God wills the silvery moon to shed
Her beams to light the way.

The night will soon pass over
And glorious day be born;
Then night, with her robe of sable,
Takes the rosy hue of morn.

“A MISCHIEF.”



A chubby, barefoot urchin
 Was climbing the stairway steep —
 He laughed in glee to think
 They had left him fast asleep!

He knew he was in mischief —
 But the pleasure was so great!
 He clambered up, but, alas, he fell,
 And met a *sticky* fate!

His cries aroused his parents;
 They ran in greatest haste! —
 They found their boy
 “More scairt than hurt” —
He sat in a pan of paste!



SPRING SONG.



O beautiful, balmy spring,
 The joyous birds make the welkin ring!
 The violet blue lifts up its head,
 And robins sing, with breasts so red.

We'll watch for the robins, they say spring is here;
 The grasses and cowslips after showers appear;
 The merry, mad brooklets take up the spring song
 And the bright stars twinkle the whole night long.

We welcome the spring
After winter severe;
Oh, why are winters so cold and drear?
In Heaven, we're told, the streets are of gold,
And bright with glory and cheer.



“HIDE AND SEEK.”



The wind to the leaves said one day:
“Come out in the orchard
We'll hide and seek play.”
So, briskly the wind danced ahead —
And the leaves followed after —
Brown, yellow and red.
They flew 'round the orchard in merriest glee; —
Said the wind to the leaves:
“You will never catch me!”
They flew o'er the tree-tops and searched cozy nooks;
And at last, tired out,
Fell asleep in the brooks.
The gay wind, deserted, sank down and slept,
While the fairies and elves
Their quiet watch kept.

WEARY.



Go tell the world thou art so weary
 Thou fain wouldst see the bright regions above:
 Care for the dying ones, comfort the dreary,
 Longing for peace and heavenly love.

Ho, for the land of heavenly pleasures!
 Christ has prepared the way for us all:
 Ho, every one who seeks living waters!
 Come to the fountain, come, great and small.

Jesus has promised: Ask and receive it —
 Grace to thy heart shall be freely sent down;
 Jesus has promised: All who believe it
 Shall reign in glory, wearing a crown.



THE BEAUTIFUL CITY.



Ah, me! could we soar far away
 O'er this world of sin and strife,
 We then should know where good spirits go;
 The beginning and end of life.

There's a city of gold, so we are told,
 The inhabitants robed in white —
 Our hearts, we know, must be pure as snow,
 If we enter that City of Light.

That beautiful city has "no night there,"
Bright angels float through misty air —
And this is the theme: "God reigns supreme"
Full of glory and majesty there.



REST.



Far, far away
Is the realm of endless day: —
When we pass the portal through
Shall we hear the Master say:
"Well done, faithful servant,
Thou hast earned a rich reward:
Thou hast followed in my footsteps,
Enter Heaven with thy Lord."



It's better to laugh than to cry —
More trouble may come by and by;
It's grace we ask at our daily task:
We shall then reach the "sweet bye and bye."



Baby Lawrence, may you ever
Grow as strong and stout as leather;
And when manhood you have reached
On the Stock Exchange buy a seat.

In Memoriam.



Two little hands clasped on baby's breast,
A heavenly smile on her tiny face;
An angel gone home to meet its God —
A mother left to pass under the rod.

A blossom was born in the form of a child,
God gave it breath, then called it home;
Jesus once said, in accents mild:
"Unto me let the children come."

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